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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

TURN-UP BROADWAY.

THE EVENING WORLD is seldom called

upon to print news more unpleasant to

the general public than that which it

presented in one column of yesterday.

That column told that Broadway is to

be kept open a year longer than was at

first announced in the process of laying

the cable for the surface railway. Contractor

Chambers says this will be necessary on

account of unexpected trouble with pipes

and tubes already underground.

The affliction is a grievous one. Broad-

way has already assumed a most discour-

aging condition under the hands of the

French-diggers and cable-layers, but the

affliction has been patiently borne as one

which was but for a season. Now it ap-

pears it is to stretch probably through

another summer.

It is important that Commissioner Gr-

nor should keep an eye on this business,

and be certain that there is no delay which

by any possibility could have been

avoided. Also, that no unnecessary tear-

ing up is done, and that no possible res-

toration of pavement is neglected.

AS TO A SPIRIT OF HARMONY.

Mention of BLAIR was received in

alliance at last night's banquet to CLAN-

don at Manhattan Beach. Yet the room

rang with cheers for McKinley and

REED. BOSS PLATT sat at the head of the

table, and in place of DR. WALKER MILLER

and four of his chief lieutenants, who had

all been invited, came letters of regret.

And as far as the speeches at the

banquet table have been reported there

is but slight reference to the spirit of

harmony which the party leaders in-

voiced so strenuously not long after the

disastrous Congressional campaign of

last fall. Is it just possible that that

spirit has been bottled up and stored in

the one of the party leaders and that

the party butler has mislaid the corker?

If Chicago could take all the hints

which kind friends give her, she would,

indeed, make a grand success of the

World's Fair. But as yet there has been

no suggestion that she prepare for

daily exhibition an exact diagram of

SIR ROGER CONDON's recent splendid hit

over the wall of the League baseball

grounds, chronicled at the time it was

made as the greatest hit ever seen at

those grounds. The omission is a strange

one.

Comptroller MYERS finds that Census

Superintendent PORTER is either inca-

pable, through ignorance, of properly sta-

ting and separating the city and county

expenditures of New York, or that he

refuses to do so through wilful determi-

nation. It will be interesting to note Mr.

PORTER's choice of a horn in this dilemma.

A giddy boy of eighty years, in Penn-

sylvania, found his nephew nefariously

plotting to trouble the course of his true

love for a buxom widow of forty. He

was a sly one, this octogenarian, and

instead of remonstrating with the nephew

he eloped with the widow. Thus true

love again found a way.

An echo of the New Orleans lynching

comes in the news that the widow of one

of the murdered men has attempted sui-

cide. As her husband had not been tried

when he was killed he was, in the eyes of

any but mob law, an innocent victim.

And the woman is certainly such an one.

An engineer in Indiana reports seeing a

snake twenty-five feet long coiled about

a tree beside the track. He says he was

nearly paralyzed by the sight. Local

soffers will doubtless call attention to the

fact that the process of paralyzing usually

precedes such visions.

CORNELIUS N. BLISS declines in ad-

vance to be a candidate on the Re-

publican State ticket. Mr. BLISS is

also now stated to have withdrawn his

name. The gubernatorial "future" does

not seem popular in the Republican

stock market.

Trying to escape the fury of two

women whom he had scorned, a Buffalo



THE PATENT TOWEL-RACK MAN.

"Thirteen revolu-

tions of the roller

every time you pull

on the towel, and

you can fasten it up

by driving a ten-

penny nail with the

potato masher!"

I was up at the

Grand Central Depot

the other day, when

I heard the man

from Huckleberry

Plans thus explain-

ing the merits of his

celebrated patent to a waiting passenger.

"Don't want it?" crustily replied the

man, who was reading a newspaper.

"Maybe you don't, but as I've got a

little time to spare just now, I'd just as

well explain some of the points to you.

In the first place, every kitchen has or

otherwise a towel. Elder Spooner, of our

town, got along for twenty-two years

without one, but he's an exception.

"Tain't only now and then a man who

likes to wipe his face on an old coffee-

sack?"

"Are you talking to me, sir?" de-

manded the man with the paper.

"Yes, talkin' right to you. Glad you

ain't deaf, Squar' Williams, of our town,

who hasn't heard it thunder for the last

twenty-seven years, allus buys his towels

to holler the price into his head. Could

you go home and lay your hand on the

kitchen towel? If you've got one of my

patent Sack-No-Further-Backs, same as

this sample you could, but if you haven't

you can't tell whether the towel would be

in the even, hangin' over the door, or re-

spondin' on the buttery floor."

"Didn't I tell you that I didn't wish to

buy?" severely observed the man.

"You did, but folks often change their

mind. This is no nickel-in-the-slot or

prize package affair, but straight goods,

warranted in every house in this country.

You first observe this checker-board on

the back. You kin play fox-and-geese as

well as checkers, and its warranted to

keep you home nights. D-n't add a cent

to the cost, while it may keep ye from

stealin' sheep and goin' to State prison."

"See here, old man," said the other,

as he got up and looked around. "I want

you to go on and let me alone or I'll raise

a row."

"You will, eh?"

"You bet I will!"

"Shoo! You hain't got a bile on your

leg, heve ya? We've got a feller named

Ben Johnson in our town who has biles,

and he's so infernal tickle when they come

that we don't hardly ring the bell for

prayer-meetin's. Can't I explain about

this pocket for the fine-coub'?"

"No, sir!"

"Nor about savin' a quarter of a yard

of towel on every one you buy?"

"No, sir."

"Shoo! Your folks must have an

awful time to get along with you!"

"I have given you warning, old man!"

threateningly replied the other.

"Oh, wall, I ain't gon' to get up no

fun with you. Some folks know a good

thing when they see it, and some don't."

"I wouldn't do for you to live in Huckle-

berry Plains, though. Not one of the

folks would even bury sour milk or a

coffee-mill of you!"

"Do on!"

"I'm agoin'." If a feller don't want

this roller towel-rack there's no law to

compel him to buy. If you will stand in

your own light I can't help it. We've got

a man over at Huckleberry Plains who's

allus complainin' that he can't get along

like other folks. Why can't he? 'Cause

he's so infernal set and obstinate in his

ways. Deacon Warner offered to let him

plant nine acres of turnips on shares, but

he wouldn't.

The man with the newspaper got up

and looked around for an officer.

"I'm agoin'." said the towel-rack

man. "But I won't waitin' to say that

if you'll come out in the road I'll down

you, best two in three at side-hold, or

make you a present of a rack!"

The man continued to search the wait-

ing-room with his eyes.

"Shoo! How techy!" said the towel-

rack man. "I wouldn't a thought it

from your looks, though ye can't allus

tell by them. Our postmaster looks like

peaches and cream as you go into the

door, but the mint you tell him that Jim

White and Aunt Lendia Johnson and

David and Aunt Lendia Starr and Hank



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